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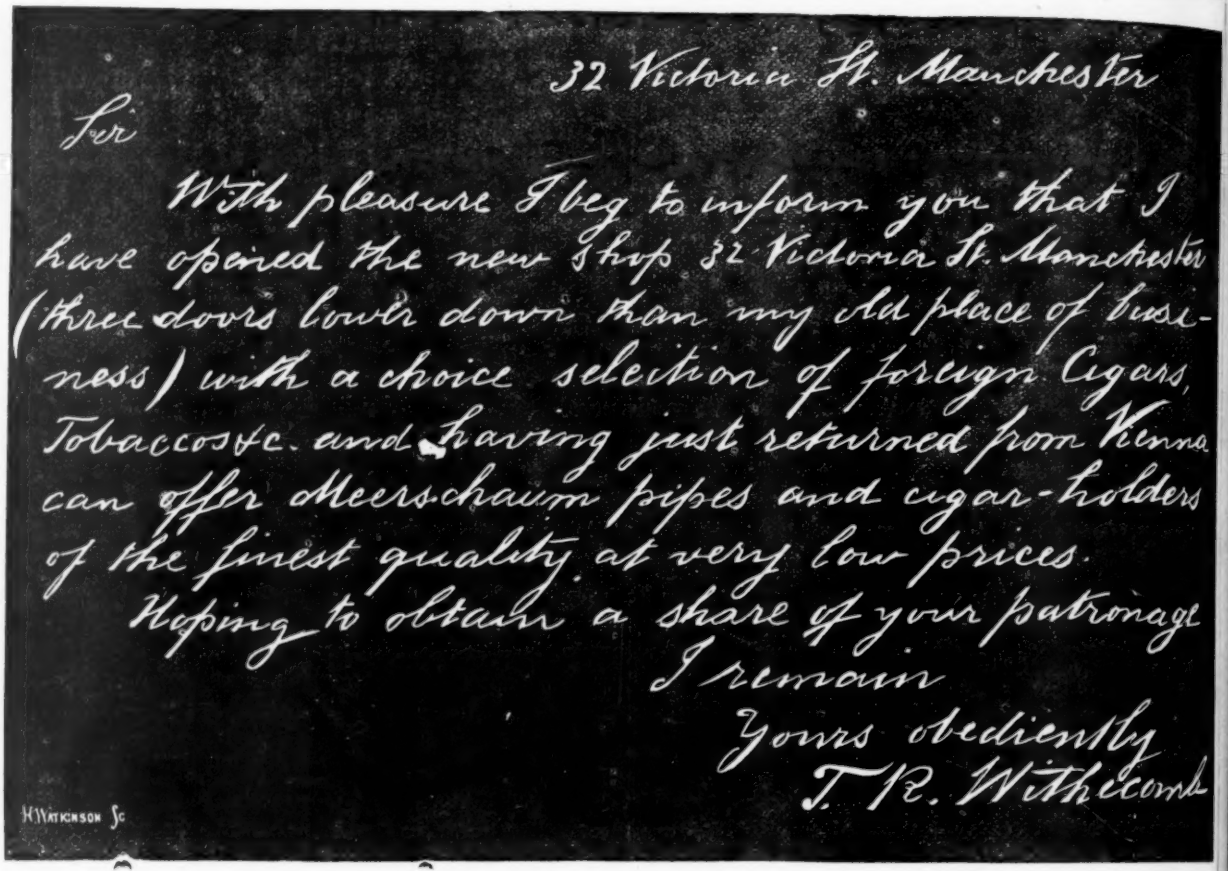
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[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"THE universal burning-up, as in Hell Fire, of human shams. There, readers, there, is the next milestone for you in the history of mankind."

Consider well that sentence. At a time when Prince Christian is made a bencher of Lincoln's Inn; when English travellers are murdered in Greece, *because* we have been soft enough to ruin Corfu and the Ionian Islands by giving them to the Hellenes; when the value of the press, and of everything else, except money, is declining; when men dress as women, and flaunt in places of public vice for two years, with applause almost, from an innocent sitting magistrate, Mr. Flowers, who would "like to liberate them without bail"; when emigration is acknowledged to be the only panacea for misery of the working classes in the richest country in the world, which yet refuses state emigration on a proper scale; when "an old man in the Vatican" is proclaimed by most of his bishops to be Infallible, "the third Incarnation of God;" when—but the reader can add many instances. "The universal burning up of shams" has not yet commenced, and in this world probably never will.

And for forty years in London, and some fifteen years more in the country, an earnest Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle, has to the best of his power preached, Cassandra-like, against them; has added many strange German words to the language about them; has refused to bow, as he says, "before the Baals of the world, the sham captains, solemn human shams, phantasies, supreme quacks, dead sea apes, and dull and dreary humbugs." His is not an entrancing or lively *rôle* to play, but one which is and will be always necessary, and which Carlyle has played honestly and well. He has gained for himself, and it is well for the world that he has, much love and reverence; probably no man doubts his honesty, nor his directness of purpose, how much soever they may question his wisdom. Thomas Carlyle is, to a great extent, a power in this age. He has turned aside many who were frivolous and foolish; he has made his mark as an earnest deep thinking man; he has been classed in a book and in innumerable reviews as one of the three great thinkers of the age. He is one of the men whose words will live. He has fought the good battle, and, if checked and baffled, is not yet conquered; he is essentially a Protestant, and he will die protesting. Such a life has in it something of the beautiful, compared with other lives, nay, with those of the men who have made money and could buy up Carlyle, stock, lock, and barrel—how beautiful it is!

You can see that fine old face, snowed by the winter of time, rugged and lined with channels of thought, in most photographic shops and in many albums. The earnest eyes still flash beneath the rugged brows. He wears such a beard "as youth gone out has left in ashes;" there is something scoriac about the face as if the fires of a volcano had nearly burnt themselves out and yet reserved some force. Age has added to it, not subdued it. Compare it with earlier portraits and you will recognize the truth that, wherever wisdom dwells age steals not but reveals true beauty. No ruin of a strong tower clothed with ivy is more fine and touching than that head. The portrait, leaning thoughtfully on the hand that has laboured so long and so well with the pen, presents the *vera effigies* of a true king of men. Here at least cries the gazer, is no phantasm, no sham captain, but a man.

This man of Letters was born in 1795, of the Saxon race which settled in the Scotch Lowlands, at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, of a religious, earnest, good father, who educated his son at Annan, and then passed him on to Edinburgh, where he remained till he was 21, and then, not liking the priesthood of the Church may be, he taught, for two years, mathematics at a school in Fifeshire, and then devoted himself to the priesthood of literature. This was his own word, and it will at once reveal the character of the man. "Of all priesthoods," he wrote, "Aristocracies, governing classes, at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that priesthood of the writers of books; these are the real working effective church of a modern country. The writer of a book is he not a preacher?—preaching not in this parish or in that, or on this day or on that, but to all men, in all times and places."

With such thoughs in his head, Carlyle commenced, in 1823, writing in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* on Montesquieu, Montaigne, Nelson, the two Pitts; he translated Legendre's Geometry, and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. Such journey-work he ennobled; whatever he did he did well; and truly not in that rugged way paved with stony hard words and German phrases, that he now uses, did he travel on his "wander-years;" but in plain direct good English, pleasant to read and easy to understand. It would have indeed been difficult for one with so remarkable a style as he now has, to obtain admission in those days, and even now, under any omnific editor, whose "valuable journal" delighted and delights the world. Sampson was clean shaven, and had not let his locks grow when he toiled for the Philistines. Next he wrote in the *London Magazine* a life of Schiller, the magazine being upheld by Lamb, Hazlitt, John Scott, Allan Cunningham and others. *Wilhelm Meister* was published anonymously, and the young gentleman who translated it, was patted on the back by various reviewers—by some too abused. He would be a bold man who would patronise Carlyle, however one might abuse him *now!* Goethe admired him and wrote to him; thought him worthy to have views of his cottage engraved in the German edition of his book. Carlyle lived then at Cragenputtock, with a good wife, who helped him as no other human being could, and whom he loved tenderly through life. In a letter to Goethe he gives a charming picture of his life. "Here, with no small effort," he says, "have we built and furnished a neat substantial mansion; here, in the absence of professorial or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence in our own peculiar way. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicine for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain, six miles removed from any one who in any case might visit me."

A good scholar in Greek and Latin, reading any book that he much desired in any modern language, embued with German thought and philosophy, here the philosopher dwelt in 1825, writing for the *Foreign Review* and other reviews, large and small, until 1830, when he removed to Chelsea, London, and commenced, "in his piebald style," says a writer, *Sartor Resartus*, the tailor re-tailored, in *Frazer's Magazine*. *Sartor*, now perhaps regarded from many points as his very best work, a supreme work in numberless ways, was of course refused by the booksellers and publishers, not without much advice to the "young man," of which advice from the publisher's taster Carlyle has given some dry specimens. Why the middle-class should be called "gigmanry" and "gigmanity," and what was the meaning of a "Baphometic fire-baptism," all-knowing editors could not make out. However, Oliver Yorke, the pseudonym for the editor of *Frazer*, found it pay, this piebald style, and readers found Herr Teufelsdröch amusing, quaint, and some even deep and wise above the ordinary level of writing which had no style at all, piebald or otherwise.

Writing and studying for some years more, and by no means a popular writer—his popularity being always reflected, and his true fame having yet to come—Carlyle, in 1837, produced a really great work, showing us how History ought to be written. This was the *French Revolution*, a series of the most brilliant historical pictures that was ever written, given with a vivacity above measure, and a fidelity above all praise. For Carlyle does not give subjective pictures for which he has no authority. He is not a brilliant writer after the Tom Macaulay school. For every word he utters you may swear that he has full authority; indeed were Carlyle to note and annotate his works the probability is that we should never get through them; they would be as huge and as indigestible as the folio edition of Bayle's Dictionary, which we can't read, because the notes utterly overpower the text. From the very words of the chief witnesses

of the Revolution, the reader learns what that mad Time was. A more powerful picture never was drawn; we hear the clash of the sabres, the spitting of the *Dames de la Halle*, the roll of the tumbrils, the song of the Girondins, the shriek of the victims of the égorgeurs (stabbers); the fall of the guillotine, and the thud of the head in the basket of sawdust. But, oh Heavens, that this should be a sham, too; that the "green one," Robespierre, immaculate and incorruptible, and bathed in blood, should be but the victim of illusion; that all should be but an ugly dream or terrible plague-sickness, cured only by a bath of blood. Such it was in Carlyle's opinion—"An age of paper ending with a whiff of grapeshot." And yet, look you, of all wondrous peoples, working for ever, and dancing onwards and onwards to victory and slaughter, that French people from 1790 to 1815 did show themselves a people—but of a sort. God seems to have sent them a strong delusion, and they believed a lie. They set up the goddess Reason—they produced thereby Marat, Robespierre, Napoleon, First and Third, Talleyrand, and others. The student of history will do well to read Carlyle's book, and to put that living record beside some of the books by Dryasdust and Company; say by Doctor Sir Archibald Alison, and others.

After this wonderful work, which the critics did not of course understand, Carlyle produced his great monument to Cromwell—merely the man's speeches and letters without annotations, only elucidations. You, therefore, judge Cromwell by himself; you see him with his wife, his family, his servants, his army, and his God. After these letters of Cromwell the history of England by Mr. Philosophic-Deist Hume, and the pretty pictures of Sir Walter Scott, must be swept away like so much rubbish out of the corners of your brain.

We have not noticed, and our space is almost full, *Chartism*, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, *Past and Present*, (1843,) and his five volumes of essays. He was not—this grim school master—very complimentary to his beloved English country, the land of his adoption and his admiration. He told us that "England was dying of inanition though full of wealth," and that the "happy haven to which all revolutions were driving us was to that of hero-kings and a world not unheroic." The prophecy becomes plainer and more visibly true every day. In 1850 came out Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, and before that the Life of his friend Sterling, a sweet and touching biography, very charmingly written. In 1860-4 he published his *Life of Frederic of Prussia*, in which he somewhat too much deifies force; and in 1867 he contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* a rough and somewhat violent diatribe against the times and the world as it goes, called *Shooting Niagara—and After*, in which he by no means prophecies smooth things of the future of England. But if we disagree—and we by no means wholly disagree—with the philosopher of Chelsea, we must praise his style, wonderful, acute, strange enough to be attractive, and if well read, plain enough to be understood by a ploughboy, honest enough to be understood by a saint, bold enough to shame all cowards—there it is, sinewy, full of stature, all muscle and bone, without a superfluous word. But we must leave him. Our editor, omnipotent in these columns, is yet like Jupiter who was controlled by Fate, compelled to bow to Space. Yet he has room for these few words as a specimen of Carlylese:—

"But that a bad man be '*free*'—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way, is contrariwise the fatallest curse you could inflict on him; curse, and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, to induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill doing—then for him (I cannot assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one 'blessing' left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quam primum* * * All the milleniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a 'chaining of the Devil for a thousand years'—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as a preliminary. You, too, have been taking preliminary steps with more and more ardour for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the other direction; a cutting asunder of straps and ties wherever you might find them—with great glory and loud shouting from the multitude as strap was cut, glory, glory, another strap is gone—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became Reform Parliament, victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent—by some."

As things turn out *now*, murders by the score, Oxonian revellings, Roman infallibility, and Government brigandage in Greece, Carlyle speaks with reason.

SANCHO'S WALLET.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

"COME, LET ME CLUTCH THEE."

The carlin caught her by the rump.—BURNS.

(A COUNTRY fellow, with his dog, goes up to a fish-stall, and begins to handle the lobsters.)

C. F.—What dun yo co' these?

FISHMONGER.—Lobsters.

C. F.—Wheer dun they catch 'em?

FISHMONGER.—I'th say.

C. F.—Saut-wayter crickets, bi th' mass! Are they to height (eat)?

FISHMONGER.—Aye; an' there's rare pikein' about 'em, too.

C. F.—How dun yo sell 'em?

FISHMONGER.—Depends upo' th' size.

C. F.—Hello; they're wick!

FISHMONGER.—Aye; thae mun mind thi fingers.

C. F.—Will it bite?

FISHMONGER.—Thae'll see if it get's howd.

C. F.—Mun I try wi' th' dog's tail?

FISHMONGER.—Aye,—if th' dog's agreeable.

C. F.—Oh, this dog's fond o' fish!

FISHMONGER.—Let it taste, then.

(The claw closes upon the dog's tail. The dog rushes off, howling, with the lobster dangling behind it.)

C. F.—By th' mass, owd lad, they're gone!

FISHMONGER.—Aye; they're off.

C. F.—Well, an' I'll be off, too.

FISHMONGER.—Here, here; who's to pay me for my lobster?

C. F.—Lobster, be———! Who's to pay me for my dog? I wouldn't ha' lost that dog for a ship-full o' thi painted crocodiles!

SOPHISTICATED TASTE.

(Two country lasses, who have tramped all the way from Oldham to Manchester, to buy a printed dress, enter a draper's shop.)

SHOPMAN.—Well, ladies, what can I do for you?

GIRL.—We wanten some print to make a dress on.

SHOPMAN.—Something lively, I suppose.

GIRL.—Ay; it mun be rayther lively. Sally, here's beawn to be wed; artn't thea, Sally?

SALLY.—Yigh; I guess I am, o' Thursday, if nought happens.

GIRL.—Let's look at summat wi' brids on,—an' bits o' posies. An yo mun let us have it as chep as yo con, for we hannot so mich brass—han we, Sally?

SALLY.—Not so mich.

SHOPMAN.—Well, let me see what I can do for you.

He pulls down one piece after another, till the counter is covered, and the cry is still, "Eh, that'll not do!" Wearied at last he says—

"Well, really, ladies; I begin to think that you are a little deficient in taste."

GIRL.—Taste!—(Then, whispering to her friend.)—Yer tho, Sally; *he thinks that we're beawn to heyt (eat) it!*

LET WELL ALONE.

Whatever is, is right.—POPE.

(An old Cheshire farmer, who has had a good day at the Manchester market, treats himself to a first-class ticket homeward. Mr. Brooks, the banker, enters the carriage with his friends. The farmer hears them address Mr. B. by name.)

FARMER.—(*Laying his hand upon Mr. Brooks's knee*).—Are yo Mr. Brucks, the great banker?

MR. B.—I believe I am, what's left of him.

FARMER.—Well; I'll tell you what, Muster Brucks, if I had o' yo'r brass I couldn't sleep i' my bed.

MR. B.—Well, owd lad; an' if *yo* HAD o' my brass, *I* couldn't sleep i' my bed; so it's happen as weel as it is."

NOT FOR JOSEPH.

(Old farmer, half-fuddled, going homeward in the moonlight by the

BRITISH MUSEUM

canal side, with his son. The old man feels as if he had not had fun enough.)

FARMER.—*(Stopping, and laying his hand upon his son's shoulder.)* Joe; jump i' th' cut!

SON.—*(Looks at the canal, and then at his father.)*—Eh, feyther; yo are a funny beggar! Let's go whoam!

COLD COMFORT.

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.—KING LEAR.

(An old gentleman is going home, on a wintry night, attended by a lad, who leads the way, with a lantern in his hand. They hear a moaning cry on the other side of the hedge, where there is a large pond frozen over.)

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Joseph, I believe there's somebody in distress on the other side of the hedge. Take the lantern, and see what's the matter.

(The lad, led by the voice, walks on the pond, up to where a hole had been broken in the ice; and there he finds a man standing up to the breast in the water, bare headed.

AQUATIC.—Oh, by th' mon, it is cowd in this hole! *(Sees the lad.)*—Who's that? Get off wi' the lantern; I'm o reet!

LAD.—*(Runs back to his master.)*—It's owd Billy Robishaw! He's stonnin' up to his neck i' th' wayter; an' he'll not coome out!

OLD GENTLEMAN.—*(Clambering over the hedge, and walking back with the lad.)*—Good heavens! The man will be drowned! Take care, Joseph! Hold the lantern steady! Where is he?

LAD.—He's theer, see yo!

OLD GENTLEMAN,—Good God, Billy! what are you doing there, such a night as this? You'll be starved to death! Put the lantern down, Joseph; we must have him out!

AQUATIC.—Howd, howd, Mr. Stansfield; let me alone! I haven't done yet! I can ston it a bit lunger! Let me a-be I tell yo! Oh, by th' mon, it is some cowd.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—Come out, you old fool! Have you lost your senses? Come out!

AQUATIC.—Nawe, nawe, Mr. Stansfield; not till I've finished my contract! I'll tell yo how it is:—Our Betty's at th' down lyin', an' hoo's a verry bad time on't: an' I felt so sorry for her that *I thought hoo shouldn't have it o' to hersel'*.

BIDE A BIT.

In a little moorland church, where they have a fiddle in the choir, the Clerk gives out the psalm:—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, the hundred and fourth psalm:—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord, with glorious voice."

"The hundred and fourth psalm."—*One of the choristers starts up in the singing-loft, and shouts down to the clerk:*—

I say, Sam!

CLERK.—Well?

CHORISTER.—Dunnot let 'em start o' singin', yet! Jack's brokken a streng! I'll gi' tho th' item, when we're ready!

CLERK.—O' reet!

TH' WRONG PIG.

On the deck of a Manx steamer, where all the seats are occupied, a pretty lad comes up to a bluff old Lancashire manufacturer, who is comfortably seated, *and says to him:*—

"Please, sir, my pa wants me to ask you if you will be so kind as to let my ma have your seat."

LANCASHIRE MAN.—Oh! Which is your pa?

(The lad points to a stout gentleman, comfortably seated on the opposite side):—

"That's my pa!"

LANCASHIRE MAN.—*Ax him!*

LANCASHIRE NICKNAMES.

(Two young country women, meeting, in a green lane.)

MATTY.—Eh, Sally; thae looks primely! How arto gettin' on?

SALLY.—Never better i' my life!

MATTY.—Why, thou's getten wed, hasn't o?

SALLY.—Yigh,—th' last Monday.

MATTY.—Well, an' who is he?

SALLY.—Oh, he's a farrently lad! He's cousin to Robin o' Bob's o'th brid-stuffer's, at Buersil-yed.

MATTY.—What's he co'de?

SALLY.—Some folk co's him "Jone o' Nancy's lad, at th' Pleawm-house," but his gradely name's "Clogbant."

SKETCHES OF THE MANCHESTER TRADE.

SALESMEN.

IN the merchant system of Manchester, the salesman occupies a position of considerable importance. As the Manchester trade consists solely of buying and selling, and as it is from the latter process that the profit is realised, it must be apparent that this department affords a very large sphere of action. When a merchant has invested his capital in goods, it is desirable that he should dispose of them as quickly as possible and to the best advantage; and as he cannot perform this duty himself, he is compelled to delegate it to others. To this end, if his warehouse is a large one, he divides it into departments, and classifies his goods, places in each of these a responsible manager and a staff of salesmen and apprentices. The manager buys the goods, regulates the prices and profits, and leaves the salesmen to dispose of them in accordance with instructions. Under such conditions it is evident that the salesman's duties are of a very simple kind, and not burdened with many grave responsibilities. He is placed in the position he occupies for the purpose of effecting sales. To this result all his energies are directed, and according to the measure of his success is he rewarded. Work of this kind is obviously not conducive to the development of any high mental qualities, yet those engaged in it will be found to display certain peculiarities that are worthy of notice.

In the first place the occupation is a genteel one, and therefore open to large competition. Whether deservedly or not, the salesman affects the manners and dress of a gentleman, and for work which is comparatively unskilled commands a remuneration often exceeding that obtained by skilled labour. It is one of those anomalies in business which often perplex the uninitiated, that a man who merely sells goods shall be more largely rewarded than one who produces them; and only a knowledge of the whole circumstances can make the matter understood. We have said that his work is comparatively unskilled. By that we must be understood to mean that there are no creative or productive faculties employed in it, and but a minimum amount of education is required in its performance. There are some qualities, however, which are indispensable, and first among these is a knowledge of the goods to be sold. This is more the result of comparison than his possession of any information of a technical kind regarding their manufacture. It is the custom in the Home Trade houses to train apprentices to an acquaintance with the goods sold. When their education has been sufficiently developed by acquaintance with the manufactured articles, they are entrusted with the selling of them. All information of this kind can be procured in a retail establishment, and often in a wider and more comprehensive manner than in the wholesale. It is therefore becoming a growing custom to recruit the staff of salesmen from the retail trade instead of taking apprentices. It often happens that the apprentice in a wholesale house is only enabled to pass through the routine of a few departments, and his knowledge and resources as a salesman are consequently very limited.

Placed there among the goods with which he is most familiar, the salesman has to bring into play all the other qualities which are necessary to successful selling. Like his employer, he cannot get on without some amount of capital and stock-in-trade. Among the chief elements in this respect are his appearance and address, and here the tailor comes largely to his assistance. A good suit of clothes is regarded as an eligible investment. His education may be defective; he may (as he often does) drop his h's, and in other ways display his ignorance of grammar and the elegancies of speech; but, above all things, he must be well dressed. This is a *sine qua non*. He may not have read *Sartor Resartus*, and may

be completely ignorant of the clothes-philosophy contained therein; but his experience teaches him that, as humanity is constituted, if he would gain deference and respect from others he must command it through the medium of his clothes. His employer, who is well known, may dress as humbly as he pleases, because he can afford to do so, but with one employed it is widely different; for unless he is well dressed he is nobody. Queer logic indeed is this, that to be a gentleman it is necessary to be well clothed, with its equally fallacious ergo, that all who wear fine clothes are gentlemen, but it is a perversity of truth not confined to salesmen. This disposition to ape the dress of those in a higher station is productive of much mischief among salesmen as among others, leading them to extravagances that are altogether indefensible. Many cases have we met with where debt and difficulty have been the results of a morbid desire to dress beyond what the circumstances required or the income warranted. Still there is a grain of sound philosophy, as things go, in the salesman's attention to outward appearances.

Upon this respectable exterior it is necessary to graft such graceful manners as are consistent with it—politeness, forbearance, and general suavity. The man who sells goods is placed in relation to the man who buys them as one who seeks a favour of another. The consequence of such a relationship must result on the seller's part in making him somewhat of a diplomatist. To be successful he must study human nature; confining his study, however, to those who are likely to buy the goods which he has got to sell. What he has got to do is, in one way or another, to gain an influence over his customers, and to accomplish this it is needful that he should vary his tactics according to circumstances. This influence is the required capital of a salesman, and according to it is his connection large or small. One of the great qualities which will work him out from his fellows is to be able to sell a man goods which he never intended to buy, it being an axiom in the trade that any fool may serve a man with what he wants.

The routine of a salesman's daily employment is as follows:—Sometime between the hours of eight and nine in the morning he arrives at his warehouse in the city, and takes up his position in his own department. Preparatory to the arrival of his customers he arranges his stock in such a tempting fashion as to arrest their attention. Like an experienced angler he displays the bait which is most likely to suit the season. This done, he takes his place at the head of a staircase, or in close proximity to one, and keeps a sharp look out for arrivals. He soon learns to distinguish between those who come to buy and those who come to sell. When customers are not forthcoming he is apt to while away the time by indulging in those mysterious imaginary ablutions which Hood happily describes as

> "Washing the hands with invisible soap
> In imperceptible water."

In this interesting occupation he is sometimes joined by other unoccupied salesmen, the result of their united action being exceedingly effective to an on-looker. If the salesman indulges in conversation, it is usually limited to the condition of trade and the current talk and gossip of the day. Occasionally it may rise to politics, but in the main rarely gets above the level or beyond the narrow limits of shop. Your ordinary salesman, though a fluent talker, is not often a profound or brilliant thinker. Talk to him of the condition of trade, and require him to account as well as he can for the stagnation which has rested, like a nightmare, on all commercial enterprise, and the chances are he will broach the wildest theories in explanation. He will rarely be found to see much farther than his nose, or to know much of business beyond his own department. Of the state of markets, the relations of demand and supply, and of the modes of dealing with capital, he is in many cases lamentably ignorant. These things may perplex the brain of his employer or his manager, but they affect him not. From nine to six, with an interval for dining, he is there to sell goods for a stated salary, which he hopes to have augmented in proportion as he is useful in his work. Monthly this salary is paid, and the amount of his sales noted down. A business life of this sort must in some way tend to make a man narrow unless he has more than the average capacity. Salesmen are ranked in importance as first, second, third, and so on, according to the numbers employed in each department. The highest prize, as a servant, within a salesman's grasp is to be made buyer and manager of his department. This holds out the inducement to obtain a wider knowledge of business than is required in selling.

The remuneration paid to salesmen is very varied—being in some cases high, in others exceedingly low. On the face of it, there would seem to be some difficulty in understanding how work which requires only the rudiments of education should command handsome pay, which it often does. The fact is, the work to be done is an indefinable quantity, and beyond a certain fixed average, is entirely within the control of the worker. All that a salesman may do beyond a certain necessary point is in proportion to his good feeling towards his employer, and it is to the interest of the latter to secure this. If the salesman is dissatisfied with his salary his exertions will be cramped, but if he is liberally dealt with, and sees a prospect of reaping the fruit of increased efforts, he will put them forth. It is, therefore, always to the advantage of the employer to cultivate that *esprit de corps*, which is as necessary to success in a warehouse as a regiment.

The social status of the salesman is frequently artificial to a degree which is the reverse of satisfactory. Impecuniosity is a malady to which our friend is very subject, and this arises generally from an unhealthy desire to live fast and keep up appearances. There is, perhaps, no class of equal intelligence which is so false in its outward show or so improvident in the main as that of warehousemen.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE BAZAAR NUISANCE.

THE Bishop of Manchester has done society a service by lifting up his voice against those conspiracies to obtain money by false pretences that go by the name of "bazaars in aid of" some mismanaged "charity," which, after the manner of "charities," is insolvent, and not too particular. There are fashions in robbery as well as in bonnets. The old-fashioned way was to present a pistol at the victim's head, and demand his money or his life. The modern style is infinitely more artistic and effectual. The victim is now attacked through his wife and daughters, who are inveigled by some designing curate, or mismanager of a "charity," into getting up one of these infernal machines for extorting money out of those who are either unable or unwilling to give it of their own accord. The affair is so much advertised and canvassed that the wives and daughters of fresh victims feel themselves compelled to put their heads within the lion's den. If they do not, in conversation with their neighbours they are nowhere. Nor, alas, is this all. They come home, not only minus all the cash they went with, but with a woolly, fuzzy, flaring, tawdry thing, yclept an anti-macassar, which they insist on putting on the victim's favourite arm-chair; and which deprives him of all the comfort of his life, until, in the fulness of time, he insists on its removal or a deed of separation. The banditti who first manufacture and then forcibly dispose of these dreadful things invariably seek the patronage of the Mayor, or, in default of him, some William Romaine Callender, jun., Esq., or somebody who is somebody either in his own estimation or the world's—it doesn't matter much which. A Lord Bishop, when one can be caught, is hooked with effusion. Sometimes, however, he turns out a Tartar. Praised be fortune!

"CYRIL'S SUCCESS."

We seize with avidity the first opportunity which has offered itself for some twelve months of bestowing unreserved commendation on an entertainment at the Theatre Royal. For the first time in the memory of the Manchester play-goer, the programme of this theatre is, for the week, superior to that of the Prince's. *Cyril's Success* is by far the best of Mr. H. J. Byron's contributions to the stage. Whatever may be its shortcomings, it is an attempt at composition of a high order—being pure comedy. We have before this criticised the play in detail—when it was brought out in London—and for our opinion of it we refer the inquiring mind to our first volume, page 161. The scenery with which it is illustrated is actually not atrocious, and the acting is quite creditable. Mrs. Bickerstaff is excellent as a female of the most strong-minded order. Mr. Anson, a new comer, capitally plays a gruff, sardonic, literary man-of-all-work. Mr. Sinclair gives a better rendering of Cyril's part than its original representative—but what a dreadful pair of trousers! And the other parts were well sustained. But why,

after inserting Mr. Robert Astley in all sorts of unsuitable characters for the last six months, does the management remove him from the bills precisely when a part turns up that would have been the very thing for him? Instead of him, the management perpetuates the old histrionic barbarism of putting a young lady into trousers. In the important part of Cyril's wife, a Miss Falconer made her first appearance. We discern in her no aptitude or qualification for the stage, which will, we fear, be a career of disappointment to her, if she keeps to it. Is there no young lady of good looks, good breeding, and good spirits who will be an actress?

GRAMMAR SCHOOL EXTENSION.

A little while ago, there appeared in the daily papers a letter on this subject, headed "A Manchester Boys' Appeal." We hope that lad has been well caned, for something, or for nothing, since he wrote that letter under supervision of his pa. A more smug and priggish piece of composition we hope never to peruse. The idea of a boy who has a hundred pounds considering himself "not rich," and saying so in print, is really too revolting. We suspect, as parsimonious papas give their children pennies on condition that they put them in the poor box, so this boy's papa gave him that hundred pounds to give away again, and on condition that he made himself a party to that unboylike letter to the papers. Well, this week, we read a gentle protest against the stupendous claim made by the Grammar School upon the public. If this sort of begging and relief goes on the whole community will be pauperised. To give assistance to such institutions as the Grammar School is to indulge a selfish generosity, or cowardly inability to say no, at the expense of a legitimate profession. Goodness knows, tuition is ill-paid enough. Let there be, at least, free trade in it. And to give these educational institutions money is protection. Owens College is a different case. It deals, or ought to deal, with pupils after they have passed the ordeal of the private school-master, and in a way which is not at the private school-master's command. This Grammar School, perverted from its proper function, is an illegitimate and unfair rival of the private school-master, which seeks by every trick it can think of to snatch an undue advantage, which will neither start fair, nor run fair in a race which it has no right to run at all, and which is constantly endeavouring to be what it was never meant to be and never ought to be.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Since the publication of *Free Russia*, a two-volume work in which the author professes to give an exhaustive description of that vast empire, after a few weeks' scamper through it, Mr. Dixon has been almost entirely occupied in replying to numerous criticisms upon his statements by Russians and others who know the country well. One of them, Mr. Herbert Barry, who has lived principally in the interior of Russia for four years as director of enterprises employing twenty thousand emancipated serfs, and who has made frequent journeys over all parts of the empire, bears this testimony to the value of the book:—"It matters not whether I take the descriptions of patriarchal life, village communities, villages, parish priests, and many other matters bearing on the peasant and his life and institutions—*all are in error.*" On Mr. Dixon's replies to his critics, and his way of making the controversy subservient to the notoriety of his book, the *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes an Occasional Note which may serve as a pendant to the sketch of Mr. Dixon as a man of letters which appeared in the *Sphinx* in February last. "We have received," it says, "from Mr. Hepworth Dixon, another of those insolent ingenious letters with which he contrives to puff his books—obscene, inaccurate, or both—as soon as they appear. Nobody knows better than Mr. Dixon that to make a racket about a book (as they call it who employ the expedient) is the best of all ways of promoting its sale; and, obviously, the more worthless a book is, the greater its dependence for commercial success on being pushed into all the libraries before its real merits are made known, the more desirable is this racket. Mr. Dixon's letters to the papers show him to be a master of the art; indeed, we are almost inclined to think that he is wrong aforethought, and indecent on purpose, so that opportunities for letters to the editor may arise, and the name of Mr. Dixon's book and Mr. Dixon's own name may be kept in the papers for a while. We know that for such an expedient a monstrous deal of hardihood and as much ingenuity are needed; but there is no reason to suppose that Nature stinted Mr. Dixon of the first of these good qualities, and the other he has cultivated with all the care and industry which he has denied to the acquirement of facts. As we are opposed to this untradesmanlike way of business, we decline to publish any more of Mr. Dixon's circulars."

THE "GREAT MANCHESTER DRAMA."

It was with a deep drawn sigh that we first saw the announcement that our Prince's Theatre—the very home for comedy—was, for a lengthened period, to be given up to Boucicault—to Boucicault, the manufacturer of plays, the great adapter from the French, the man who has reduced dramatic composition to a trade, the apostle of real water, real fire, and all imaginable felonies and misdemeanours—to Boucicault, the mammoth, big in name, in aspirations, and in achievements—big, but not great. The result so far, however, is not so deplorable as might have been expected. We regret that Mr. Boucicault does not confine his big productions to big theatres, because it is such a shame to waste little theatres upon them, but we cannot condemn *The Long Strike* as a thoroughly bad piece—which many of its adapter's pieces are. Still it fritters away material that might have made a most effective drama in an almost wholly ineffective way, to make room for silly Boucicaultian representations of railway stations, telegraphic offices, and other nonsense. As a picture of Manchester life it is a coarse daub; the piece is full of anachronisms, absurdities, and unnatural situations, and the characters are most ludicrously drawn. All the poor folks are paragons of all the virtues that ever were—if not of a few that never were, as well—and the only "gentleman" with which the story has to do is a villain of the deepest dye, who is forgiven by all the characters whom he has striven to injure to the utmost in his power simply because he has been shot in the back. From these strictures we must except the character of a tetchy, good-natured old attorney, which is well drawn, and admirably delineated by Mr. Fitzroy. Mary Barton—christened Jane Learoyd by Mr. Boucicault, and deprived of nearly all the faults and follies that made her natural—is powerfully played by Miss Rose Leclercq, an actress of great ability, whom we are glad to see in Manchester. An Irish sailor—Mr. Boucicault, an Irishman himself, can draw good Irishmen, and was the original representative of this one—was well played by Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Hamilton made a satisfactory Noah Learoyd, and the acting altogether was of a superior character. In the second piece, *A Dark Night's Work*, translated or adapted from the French of M. Scribe by Mr. Boucicault, the excellence of the acting was again conspicuous. The Paquita of Miss Rose Leclercq was a very charming, naive, and graceful impersonation; and Mr. W. Rignold (foreman of engineers in *The Long Strike*) displayed unexpected powers of humour in the part of King Philip. Whatever difference of opinion there may be with regard to Mr. Boucicault's dramas, there can be none as to the power and varied ability of the company which he has engaged for their representation.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

IF I could get a given number of people to go through a little catechism, I would like to ask and to get answers—(true ones)—to the following questions, viz.:—"Of the number of leading articles contained in the newapapers to which you subscribe, or which you see at your club, how many are you in the habit of reading?" Should the witness fence with the question for the purpose of making himself out as greatly athirst for knowledge, without having to go through the ignominy of telling a lie, I would put to him this question point blank, viz.: "Will you swear that on an average you even read two leaders a week?"

Question No. 2, which I should wish answered, is this: "Did you ever read through the report of a parliamentary debate from beginning to end, or do you not generally pick out the speeches either of the politicians you most affect, or of the witty and eccentric members whose reported speeches are interlarded with 'laughter,' 'roars of ditto,'—'general laughter in which the right hon. gentleman at the head of the government heartily joined?'"

I fear that leader writers and reporters for newspapers get on the

whole but a very scant recognition from the public, that is to say the best recognition of all, which I take to be—perusal of their efforts. I look upon the leading articles which are poured in such abundance upon the land with quite a melancholy eye. Collectively they do good, I feel certain. Many able men, original thinkers, profound scholars, all pounding away at a giant evil with giant blows, must prevail in the end—but it is mostly in a corporate sense. The fine intellectual effort of the individual—who detects it? Who of the many who pay for the paper in which it appears? It is my privilege, as it is that of many who live hereabouts, to read now and again at breakfast time, an essay of only one column's length, which bristles with original logic and humour, and lights up the devious recesses of a difficult political problem. I feel that the writer is master of the whole terrain, and I lay the paper down and am jubilant and happy that the writers are dear friends of my own. I want sympathy in my delight, and ask my neighbour in the omnibus or train whether he has seen that leader. No! but he intends to read it—than which no bigger "what's its name," was ever dragged from the depths of dufferdom. And so the wind passes over the leader, and it is gone; and its wisdom, and wit, and bright eloquence are trampled by succeeding essays out of sight and out of mind. I suppose this is unavoidable, but I repeat that to me it is very melancholy.

But what has all this to do with the interesting lady who forms the text of this discourse? Whither is this discursive and rambling writer leading us? These thoughts, my beloved brethren, have been suggested to me by the recent perusal of a debate in the House of Lords on the bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. There can be no doubt that issues very important, vitally important, to many families depend upon the success of that measure; and I, for one, deeply regret that their lordships negatived Lord Houghton's proposition. I could wish that that debate, as reported in the newspapers, could be attentively read by a much larger number of people than will ever take the trouble of looking at it. Forgetting for a moment the result, I think the debate was worthy of the august assembly in which it took place. I will even say of the speeches of three of the opponents of the bill, viz., those of the Bishop of Peterborough, the Duke of Argyle, and the Lord Chancellor, that they deserve the most respectful consideration from all fair dealing men. Still the great weight of argument and of fact was all in favour of Lord Houghton. The prohibition has so lamentably broken down in practice that it seems cruel to prolong it for another hour. The argument that if you admit the constant fracture of a law to be made a pretext for its abolition, such admission would have the effect of releasing a flood of immorality to deluge society, is puerile by the side of the patent fact that many good men and pure women have encountered all the maledictions of this law, and that society as such never visits them with any disabilities on that account.

A bishop is usually made up of such insoluble materials that we can scarcely expect him to get loose from Leviticus, although the Jews themselves have refused to the tribe of Levi any authority in this matter. The bishops are almost obliged to lean to Leviticus professionally, and we all know that when they do anything professionally they do it handsomely and get handsomely paid for doing it. As to the Duke of Marlborough and that fossil politician, Lord Lyveden, they have in all things so much Levitical unction about them that it seems a pity they were ever baptised, but were not rather subjected to the analogous initiatory rite which was the crucial test of the Levites of old. I think the religious world must admit that when the Bishop of Ripon goes with the measure of Lord Houghton the controversy, upon the religious side of it, at all events, is over. If all the bishops are successors of the apostles each individual bishop must be so. Consequently, having got one episcopal nose pointed towards the repeal of the law, we can afford to disregard the other noses which are still, as the militia sergeant said, "as you was." An Act of Parliament will any day make the conscience of a bishop square. If the majority had been the other way and the bill had passed, do you believe the bishops would have flung down their mitres and taken to horse-dealing and livery stables? Yet, although Leviticus was abandoned—abandoned even by Dr. Magee—it is the Priests and the Levites which have smothered the bill. The majority was only four, and fourteen of their Levitical lordships voted. Eliminate Leviticus and your minus then would have been a plus. It is expedient that the English people should bear this in mind, because we have got sufficient old clothes upon our backs and sufficient old hats upon our heads without Leviticus as the most scarecrow gaberdine of all.

The most mischievous pretence of the opponents of the bill is this—that no sister-in-law could, in the absence of this hard enactment, continue in the house of her brother-in-law, even during the lifetime of his wife. I should doubt if so prurient an argument as this was ever urged by gentlemen before. Because if it mean anything it means this—that the present law is the only bar to the ruin of a respectable woman in the house of her own sister; or, at all events, the only safeguard against the postponed lust of the husband of that sister. We may possibly be living in a degenerate age, but our degeneracy has not yet got as low as that. If this prurient suggestion be ridiculous during the lifetime of the wife, it seems, if possible, even more horrible after her death; for it means that simple contiguity would suffice to obliterate the dearest, the most hallowed memories, the duties to children and to bereaved relatives throughout the family, and above all to the wife's sister herself. There is assuredly no general tendency to form this relationship. Their lordships argued the other day as if every widower had an irrepressible proclivity to marry his deceased wife's sister. Why did they not push their imaginative chessmen a little further, and insinuate that wives' sisters had a general desire to stand in their sisters' shoes, and that many of them were anxiously awaiting their vacancies? I am not about to enumerate the advantages of these forbidden marriages, but there is one which seems pre-eminent. We hear constantly of the evils arising from a want of accurate knowledge of one another by persons who have entered the holy estate; but this want of knowledge can rarely occur in the cases contemplated by this bill; and if any of the attributes which seem to have scared their lordships as possible in the surviving sister were manifested by her before marriage, few honourable men would hesitate to recognize them by avoiding the marriage. Knowing what we do of the evils of stepmothers—the weary nightly footfalls of miserable girls in our streets ring heart-rending peals in this wise—any measure which would mitigate those evils ought to be eagerly embraced; and the stepmother evil *is* mitigated when the aunt assumes that function. If one could only see as gentle a mode of diluting a mother-in-law, great joy would diffuse itself throughout the bosom of the earth.

Virtually the present law is a dead letter, and not all the kings, bishops, nor all the king's men can ever galvanize it into life again. Society which, in these matters, is hypercritical, sensitively alive to the proprieties or Paul-Pry-ities, which sniffs the taint of moral irregularity from afar, and will be acidulated enough upon occasion, takes with regard to this wife's sister business so unequivocally clear a course, that the very notion of moral obliquity is absolutely scouted: nay, it has not even sufficient consistence and form to need a scouting. We see this every day. We know that honourable men, religious men have deliberately fractured this law, and that, however the House of Peers may generalise, they durst not individually in common life attempt to carry out their theories by treating these law breakers as lawbreakers are usually treated. We know that the gentle natures of pure-minded women have listened to the cry of motherless babes, and have known no law which could over-ride the instinct which impelled them to respond to that cry. It pleases the Lord Chancellor, with a rather hard philosophy, to allude to these ladies as "unhappy women," and it is fortunate for them that the joys of their existence do not necessarily need for their genuineness the impression of the Great Seal. The usually kind old lawyer is so sharp and bitter on this particular subject that one is almost tempted to suppose there might be a near relation of Lady Hatherley watching with green eyes for the reversion of the Woolsack, and that the Chancellor did not feel so sure of himself as he could wish.

HOW TO GET ON.

II.—AS A PARSON.

YOU cannot all be born rich enough to buy presentations, or of families where advowsons are plenty and livings fat, nor, toady as you may, is it given to every aspirant to Holy orders to meet with a "serious call" in the College friendship of a sporting tuft. Should such exceptional good fortune be yours, you will not fly in the face of Providence by sacrificing your energies to any merely worldly calling,

where your work is sure to be incomparably harder in proportion to your pay. To tread, together with your noble patron, the classic shades of Isis or of Cam is essential to your chances of preferment through the latter channel. Not many great dwell among the Hivites, nor many rich in the tabernacles of St. Aidan,—moreover the well-bred public, with a prejudice not altogether unpardonable, looks upon the purely Theological Colleges as places where a man may be made a clergyman, without being either a scholar or a gentleman. Some superfine critics, absurdly enough, object to the harmless device which obtains in some of the homes of the *literati* of wearing hoods which may easily be mistaken for those conferred by Oxford and Cambridge. But the law as to trademarks and the like has never been held to apply to the insignia of scholastic rank, so if you cannot get the real thing, which you certainly should get if you can, go to Lambeth or wherever else you can obtain the best imitation. Assuming then, that to you are closed the three royal roads to ecclesiastical advancement, birthright, patronage, and simony, you will have to acquire the qualities which will commend you to the average taste of the religious British public.

First of all you should set before yourself some distinguished model, Hibernian for choice, of what has been christened once for all "modest assurance." Failing an exemplar, a few simple precepts may serve your turn, for the "note" of cheek may be easily acquired, if you will only cultivate a proper habit of mind.

Accustom yourself to regard the whole world as a spiritual heathenesse. Strive to realise the fact that you are the salt of the earth. Cherish, and express in your sermons, a profound contempt for vain philosophies, of which it is quite needless for you to know anything. Detach yourself resolutely from what is called the march of intellect, ignore the advance of science, and generally regard with a high disdain anything that conduces to the material welfare of mankind.

If you spend your precious time exclusively among the sick, the poor, and the feminine, their dependent attitude will foster, while it responds to, the arrogant blandness of clerical patronage. Your public "deliverances" you will be wise to restrict to occasions which do not admit of a reply; so if you talk the greatest nonsense you will never know it, and will remain exempt from the nervousness which arises from self-distrust.

It will be necessary for you to choose early the school of theology to which you desire to attach yourself, and your subsequent steps in the process of getting on will to some extent vary accordingly. Your only choice lies between the two extremes of high and low: the middle ground is only fit for men of ability, or those who are comfortably shelved in a good living. You have got your way to make, and are not likely to get thorough hold of more than a half-truth. Above all things, eschew any tendency to Latitudinarianism. A Broad Church parson requires both plenty of brain and plenty of character to hold his own, against the foes who agree in nothing except denouncing him. Your natural tastes and tendencies will probably guide you into the path for which you are best fitted. If you fancy that you have a talent for spouting, start as an Evangelical; if you have dabbled in music or art, as a Ritualist. In the former case you will have to cultivate carefully your oratorical style.

Denunciation is far away the easiest ornament of pulpit rhetoric, and should, for choice, take the direction of "anti-Babylonianisms;" for so you cannot offend your congregation, as you might by telling them of their own sins and errors. So acute an observer as Mr. Disraeli has decided that abuse of Rome and her priesthood is never stale. Besides, there is a seductive savour of impropriety in the epithets ordinarily attached to the gaudy lady with the uncomfortable seat. Papistry in the Church will furnish a still more popular theme than Papistry out. However, subjects abound, and if you have, by nature or art, a turn for "slinging in," take any of them and "sling in." Evangelicals generally fancy sermons, like ladies grog, hot, sweet, and strong. The heat and the strength alone will not satisfy an "experienced" palate without some trace of cloying neatness. You must learn to be unctuous. Your most scathing invective, your most pathetic jeremiad, your most impressive warning must ever have for its background a central calm of seeming self-complacency, otherwise you will never win the commendation of the old lady who was asked if she did not miss a departed pastor. "Oh, yes,' she replied, "but Mr. Fleshpotts (the new one), he's got the true milk."

So much for the tone and manner of your sermons, for which you will now have to seek an appropriate dress. Your language, of course, must be flowery and sonorous. All half-educated people like big words, uttered in a big voice, and the evangelical churches are not the chosen haunts of "culture." The style at which you should aim is the happy mean between the prophet Ezekiel and the *Daily Telegraph*. You need not fear that your earlier efforts will bring you into ridicule; for no evangelical rector, with faith in his own powers of edification (and which of them has it not?) will allow a curate the run of his pulpit except in the afternoon, when the congregation consists mainly of maidservants and children. As they will all have dined in the middle of the day, you may consider yourself successful for a beginner if you disturb the slumbers of a third of your audience. You will have achieved a triumph if you can keep the clerk awake.

John Wesley thought it hard lines that the devil should have all the good tunes, and it is certainly not fair that "Auld Clootie" should have a monopoly of the resources of the drama. Theatre-going to a true Protestant is the shortest cut to perdition, and a pantomime the thin end of the wedge. Some compensation should be provided. A histrionic element may be laudably imported into a sermon, and a new charm given to the dialogues, in the Lessons and elsewhere, by altering the voice to represent the different speakers. We have known this done with great effect. Indeed, we have heard of an eminently consistent divine that he always distinguished a female speaker by a slight falsetto. Another made such play with his organ as to be nicknamed by some reprobate "Gamut and Gammon;" but his church was aways filled and his pew-rents paid.

But your public performances must be supplemented by private trials. You must mix in the innocent festivities of serious society. Tea and muffins must become your normal diet, and when the game of proverbs begins to loose its zest, then a few prayers and a half-hour's exposition will sanctify the evening's amusement.

Having thus ingratiated yourself during your curacy with the ladies who "sit under" you, the sooner you become engaged to one of their number the better. Of course she must have money and friends. Ere long a whisper will go round the circle of the elect that you ought to have a church of your own. Subscriptions will be started, the parting "devoteapot" presented, and you will soon be what the Scotch call a "placed minister."

THE DERBY.

FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

DETERMINED not to be behind our contemporaries regarding the great race at Epsom next week, we have at an enormous expense sent a special commissioner round to all the principal stables and training grounds, besides having held consultations with Dr. Cumming, Home the spiritualist, Zadkiel, the Pogmoor Almanack, and other leading prophets of the age. The result of our correspondents' researches will be found below, bearing the appropriate signature of Longbow, a weapon at the drawing of which he is fully as skilful as most of his rivals. We may inform our readers that he "sent us" Our Mary Ann for the Chester Cup, having got the tip from Mr. Disraeli, who makes frequent allusions to the mysterious animal of that name in his new novel, *Lothair*. The consequence was that we put all the brass that we could raise upon Mary Ann, and won a large beefsteak on the race.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—Herewith I send you a list of the probable starters for the Derby, with the names of the jockeys and trainers:—

Horses.	*Jockeys.*	*Trainers.*
Macgregor	F. B. Egan	Sir. W. Scott
Sunshine	Bob Lowe	Bernal Osborne
Camel	Macomo	Manders
Kingcraft	Montpensier	L. Phillippe
King O'Scots	Phelps, or C. Calvert	A. Halliday
Prince of Wales	Gen. Knollys	Canon Birch
Nobleman	John Manners	Debrett
Palmerston	Cowper Temple	Melbourne
Bonny Swell	Lord Dundreary	Sothern
Normanby	Whigsby	Earl Russell
Bridgewater	Chief Just. Cockburn	Moneybags
Recorder	Cottingham	Cobbett

On Wednesday last I went to Russley to see Mr. James Merry's horses tried. No sooner had I entered the park, than I encountered the ex-pugilist who keeps watch over the stable, accompanied by his bull-dog. With difficulty I got up a tree, where I remained a whole day and night, the pugilist and the dog lying at the bottom, blearing at me with their savage eyes, and requesting me to come down like the historical 'coon, an invitation which I declined. Subsequently, worn out with fatigue, I fell asleep, and losing my balance, I fell to the ground, squelching the dog's head, and knocking all the breath out of the ex-pugilist's body. This enabled your correspondent to escape and indite these lines in an adjoining beer-shop. From my eminence on the tree-top, however, I saw the trial of Mr. Merry's three horses, and am now enabled to inform you that his foot was on his native heath, and his horse is Macgregor! Mr. Merry was accompanied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and after having "asked the horses a question," as my friend Augspur remarks, he asked one of Bob Lowe, who replied to it in the perky manner with which he replies to interrogations in another place. As I was not near enough to hear Mr. Merry's remarks, I shall not repeat them here, but judging from the motion of his lips, which I was able to see by the help of a good glass, I am inclined to think that he made use of very strong language. Macgregor by Macaroni out of Necklace is a bay horse, so called after the first syllable of his sire's name, and after his dam, by a happy allusion to the hempen necklace, which his celebrated ancestor Rob Roy made such strenuous efforts to obtain possession of by his cattle-lifting and sheep-stealing propensities. From the above list it will be seen that Barney Egan is engaged to ride him. Barney is quite familiar with Macgregor, having frequently performed with him on the Manchester stage. Having found it impossible to reduce himself to the Derby weight of eight stone ten pounds, the difficulty will be arranged by his putting the figure 1 before the 8, so that he will actually ride 18 stone 10 lbs. Should the horse break down under the weight, as he comes round the fatal corner, Barney will immediately dismount, and throwing the animal over his shoulder, he will "walk in" with him on his back, his owner singing the "Macgregors' Gathering," while the Ring maintains an ominous silence. Sunshine, by Thormanby—Sunbeam, is a horse of quite another colour; that is to say, she is a filly, and not a colt. Until lately she was supposed to be Mr. Merry's best, but the dark Macgregor exploded that fallacy. Bob Lowe is engaged for Sunshine, as, notwithstanding his near-sightedness, he can look round a corner and see into the middle of next week as well as most people. As the Derby will be over by that time, Bob must thus have a pretty good idea of what the result is likely to be. He is fond of surprises, so that a turn-up is possible. Last year his favourite steed was the Trojan Horse, and as was done with that celebrated animal, he has made arrangements for travelling inside, should it be necessary. He may thus be able to steal a march upon his enemies. If Bob cannot exactly extract sunbeams out of cucumbers, he can at least "make Sunshine in a shady place" in financial matters. It is just possible then, that if Sunshine comes in first, riderless, Bob may emerge from his place of concealment, as his prototype did at Troy, and claim the prize; but I scarcely think he will bask in the Merry Sunshine next Wednesday. The member for the Falkirk Burghs' third horse is Sunlight, by Stockwell—Sunflower; but I don't think he is likely to start; and your readers may take my word for it, that *if he does not start he cannot possibly win.* It is now precisely ten years since Mr. J. Merry won the Derby with Thormanby. In the following year he was second with Dundee, who finished gamely on three legs. After that disappointment, Mr. Merry vowed vengeance on the Ring, which had never left off peppering his horse. Since that time he has had numerous disappointments, and been second and third over and over again. Now his hopes seem likely to be realised; and, if he wins, the Ring will get such a facer as they have not experienced for a long time. Of one thing your readers may rest satisfied, *if he does not lose the race, he will win it.*

Camel is a horse of Eastern origin, as a country squire remarked of Mr. Disraeli to the yokels at an agricultural meeting. He is by Thormanby out of Eastern Princess. During the past week he has been backed for lumps of money, besides which he has two upon his back. The last time I saw Camel was at Knot-Mill Fair, in Manders' Menagerie; he carries his head very high, and takes tremendous long strides with his hind legs. Macomo, the African lion-tamer, is engaged to ride him, so that, if he cannot be called a dark horse, as he has frequently been seen in public, his jockey will be black enough in all conscience. Camel has been trained to go down upon his knees and haunches, so as to enable Macomo to mount upon his back, as he stands about sixteen feet high, and ladders are not allowed at the starting post. If the day is very hot and sultry, he will have one advantage over his opponents, as he carries with him an internal reservoir for the supply of water. In the same stable with Camel is Normanby, who ran second to Macgregor for the 2,000 Guineas, but was a long way behind him. Of Normanby we know very little, except that his ancestors, the Phippses, in the old Melbourne days, used always to run in the blue and buff colours of the Whigs. King O'Scots is another horse in Joe Dawson's stable. Last year he performed well at the Prince's Theatre, where he made the fortunes of Nigel and his jockey, Charley Calvert. King O'Scots, however, was even then a terrible coward, and never could be depended upon. Spurs, whips, and drawn swords had a dreadful effect upon him, and the sight of blood almost threw him into fits. In the 2,000 Guineas, they said he would not try at all, but that was a mistake, as he tried very hard to get rid of his jockey, and succeeded in getting such a bad start that he had no occasion to distress himself afterwards. He was bred in Scotland, but no earthly inducement will cause him to turn his head in that direction, although he still shows a predilection for oatmeal, cock-a-leekie and other Scotch provender; he is descended in a direct line from I'Anson's celebrated Queen Mary, but shows none of the graces of form of that remarkable creature. His trainer, Mr. Andrew Halliday, procured him from Sir Walter Scott's stud, and made a good thing out of him last season in London, where he was steered by the veteran Sam Phelps, and in the provinces by Calvert and other jockeys.

Bridgewater, by Stockwell—Bribery is appropriately named after the town of the same name, which has lately achieved an unenviable notoriety in the annals of electioneering. Bridgewater is a very dark and mysterious horse, and is surrounded by the doings of the Man-in-the-Moon and other suspicious characters. Hitherto the tactics pursued by his party have been anything but straightforward, and the horse has run in a very crooked manner. Last week, however, Chief Justice Cockburn got upon him, and having made a terrible example of some of the touts and bad characters about the stable, who have been fined and sent to prison, he made him go straight. Since that time he has presented a healthier appearance in the market. Some people say that he will overthrow the favourite, while others assert that he will not start. One writer remarks that if anything will interfere with his winning it will be his forelegs. How he can possibly win without them is to me a mystery. Surely the sporting scribe does not expect him to go upon his two hind legs like a dancing bear. Palmerston, who is in the same stable as Bridgewater, is supposed to be a lineal descendant of the famous horse Old Pam. Although he is down in the studbook as a half-bred, he can have no possible chance.

Prince of Wales has been very much knocked about lately, and has come in for a large share of idle gossip and scandal. Various attempts have been made to get at him, and one notorious Sheffield nobbler has been caught red-handed in an attempt to hocus both him and Lord Lieutenant, for which he may very likely be sent to durance vile for a period. The Prince is more of a hunter than a race horse, and is very good across country. I scarcely expect to see him at the starting post on Wednesday, although he has this week been again backed.

Kingcraft, who was so long first favourite for the Guineas, could only manage to get third, and I don't anticipate that he will do any better for the Derby. With the aid of his jockey Montpensier, he has been long trying to win the Crown Stakes in Spain, but he has not yet succeeded. The only other three horses in the list which I have not noticed are Bonny Sweil, Nobleman, and Recorder. The first may possibly be in the first fifteen. Nobleman, by the Marquis, belongs to Mr. Bowes, for whom John Scott has already won four Derbys, but although he will have the benefit of a jockey who has implicit faith in "our old nobilitie," I don't think Nobleman will win on this occasion unless he starts on the previous evening.

There only remains Recorder, but as he was beaten easily at Bath on Tuesday last by Macgregor, the probability is that he won't run. Last week the Recorder had a dust up in Manchester, when both Cobbett and Cottingham were very hard upon him. He contrived, however, to show them his heels, and by no means came off second best. Next day Torr, the veterinary surgeon, paid him a visit, and having given Recorder a good rubbing down and a bran mash, the horse is all right. If none of the horses I have named wins, the field will, so your readers will now know what to do.

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Of Settees, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, upholstered in Rich Rep; Rich Oval Centre Table, Chiffonier, with plate-glass back and doors and marble slab; Work Table and 50 by 40 Chimney Glass. All for 23 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 26 GUINEA DINING ROOM SUITES

Of Couch, Easy Chair, and Six Small Chairs, in fine Mahogany, and upholstered in Real Leather; Dining Table, with screw, two leaves extending; Noble Sideboard, 6ft. wide, with all convenience. The whole for 26 Guineas, complete.

GIBSON'S { 7 GUINEA LOBBY FURNITURE

Consists of Noble Hat Stand, with marble slab, mirror, and Two Hall Chairs to match; Well-seasoned Floor Cloth, say eight yards by 3 feet 9 inches; Two Skin Mats and Cocoa Mat. All complete for Seven Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 6 GUINEA KITCHEN FURNITURE

Consists of 6-feet Dresser, with Cupboard, Drawers, Kitchen Table, Four Chairs, and Arm Chair; Floor Cloth to fit. The whole for Six Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 3 GUINEA STAIR FURNITURE

Including twelve yards of Tapestry Brussels, Stair Rods and Eyes, and Landing Carpet, and Three Mats. Complete for Three Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 33 GUINEA BEST BED ROOM

Consists of Noble Circular Mahogany Tudor Bedstead, Marble Slab Stands, with glass affixed; Mahogany Chest of Drawers, Four Mahogany Chairs, Towel Rail, Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, say twenty yards; Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Feather Bolster, Two Pillows, One Pair of Blankets, Quilt, and Pair of Sheets. The whole for 33 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 24 GUINEA SECOND BED ROOM

Consists of Handsome Half-tester Iron Bedstead, with brass foot rail; Set of Maple-painted Stands, enclosed, with glass affixed; Noble Painted Wardrobe, 6 feet 6 inches wide, with two wings, drawers, and trays complete; Four Chairs, Towel Rail, Carpet, say twelve yards, Kidderminster; Palliasse, wool; Millpuff Bed, full size; Wool Bolster, and Two Feather Pillows, One Pair of Cloth Blankets, Two White Quilts, and Pair of Sheets. All complete for 24 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 11 GUINEA THIRD BED ROOM

Consists of Iron French Bedstead, full size, richly ornamented; Pair of French Stands, japanned, maple, or any colour; Glass, Towel Rail, Three Chairs, Carpet, say twelve yards of Kidderminster; Palliasse, Wool Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All for 11 Guineas.

GIBSON'S { 5 GUINEA SERVANTS' BED ROOM

Iron Bedstead for two servants, Mattress, Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Dressing Chest, Washstand, Glass, Two Chairs, three yards of Carpet, Pair of Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All complete for Five Guineas.

R. H. GIBSON, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,

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NEW LITHOGRAPHIC WRITING INK,

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THIS Ink is introduced to Merchants, Solicitors, Stock Brokers, Architects, and all who require **Circulars, Prices Current, Market Reports, Bills of Quantities,** or any kind of Notice expeditiously printed. Hitherto Lithographic Writing has required prepared Paper and Ink, which is difficult to manipulate, except by the experienced Lithographic Draughtsman; now, however, **the re-writing is entirely dispensed with,** for the copy written with this Ink, **on ordinary Writing Paper, in your own Office,** being sent to us, can be forthwith transferred to the Stone, and the required copies supplied as quickly as they can be printed.

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This Ink is in use in numerous Establishments, and we have the pleasure of printing the following testimonials :—

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Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers.

I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th December, 1869.

Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferable to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity.—Yours truly,

DROEGE & CO.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.

Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithographic Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be, and we prefer it specially, as being being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression, than that in use with the transfer paper.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

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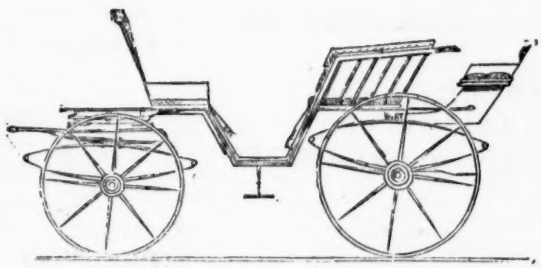
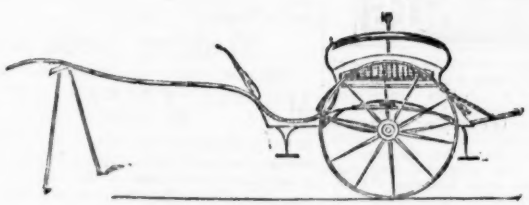
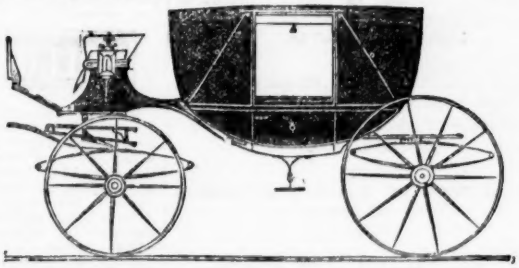


J. R. wishes to introduce to the Public his NEW RACKET CART or DRAG, the greatest Novelty of the day, to ride low, easy of access for Ladies, and runs light, only 3¼ cwt.





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J. R. received the special commendation of the Judges at the Royal Agricultural Society's Meeting held in Manchester.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

RETURN TICKETS, 1st and 2nd Class, available for 1 month, and 3rd Class available for 14 days, are now issued to Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, and Southport.

WHIT-WEEK ARRANGEMENTS, 1870.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on Friday, June 3rd, and intervening days, will be available for the return journey on any day up to and including Saturday, 11th. Excursion Trains will run as follows:—

To LITTLEBOROUGH and SMITHY BRIDGE, for HOLLINGWORTH LAKE, every day in Whit-week, from Manchester, Miles Platting, Stalybridge, Ashton, Newton Heath, Middleton, and Oldham. Fares there and back—1st class 2s.; 2nd class, 1s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. For trains leaving see small bills.

To WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, for WHALLEY ABBEY, STONYHURST COLLEGE, MITTON CHURCH, CLITHEROE CASTLE, SAWLEY ABBEY, PENDLE HILL, &c., from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 11th, at 7-45 a.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 2s. 6d.

To SKIPTON, for BOLTON ABBEY, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), on Saturday, June 11th, at 6-0 a.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 5s.; 3rd class, 3s.

To RAMSBOTTOM, for HOLCOMBE HILL, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, from Salford Station (New Bailey-street), at 10-33 a.m., 12-18, and 1-0 p.m. Fares there and back—1st class, 2s. 6d.; 3rd class, 1s. 3d.

For further information as to times of returning, &c. see small bills, to be had at the Stations.

MANCHESTER RACES, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, June 8th, 9th, and 10th. Trains will run between the Victoria Station, Manchester, and Windsor Bridge New Station, from 11-0 a.m. to 3-0 p.m. every fifteen minutes; returning from 4-0 p.m. as long as required.

For Cheap Excursions to Lytham, Blackpool, Fleetwood, Southport, Liverpool, Isle of Man, Belfast, &c., see small bills, to be had at all Stations.

BY ORDER.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station, Manchester, May 21st, 1870.

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Gentlemens' Cotton and Summer Merino Hosiery, Vests, and Drawers.

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ALL COLOURS MADE FAST
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FUR, SEAL, and ASTRACAN JACKETS, Fur Trimmings, Fur Hearth & Carriage Rugs, Buffalo Robes, &c

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Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.

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See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., GLASGOW and LONDON.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists in 3d., 6d., and 1s packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

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Weary of Life.—Derangement of the liver is one of the most efficient causes of dangerous diseases, and the most prolific source of those melancholy forebodings which are worse than death itself. A few doses of these noted Pills act magically in dispelling low spirits, and repelling the covert attacks made on the nerves by excessive heat, impure atmospheres, over-indulgence, or exhausting excitement. The most shattered constitution may derive benefit from Holloway's Pills, which will regulate disordered action, brace the nerves, increase the energy of the intellectual faculties, and revive the failing memory. By attentively studying the instructions for taking these Pills, and explicitly putting them in practice, the most desponding will soon feel confident of a perfect recovery.

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elegant in shape, and durable in wear.
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made with the best material, and the greatest regard to the comfort of the invalid.

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GOOD TEA at MODERATE PRICES,

AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS

AT THE CORNER OF OLDHAM-ST. AND SWAN-ST.,
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AS UNDER:—

Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
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Our best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.

WM. SATTERTHWAITE,

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For Coughs, Colds, Hooping Cough, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing Soreness of the Chest, Hoarseness, Asthma, &c. Sold in Bottles at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each.

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For Diseases of the Liver, Affection of the Heart, Lungs, Asthma, Kidneys, Stomach, Purifying the Blood, Indigestion, Lowness of Spirits, and Maintaining Sound and Vigorous Health in Old Age. Sold in Boxes at 7½d, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.

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Invaluable for the Relief and Cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes, at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 Stamps.

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